WOMEN'S READING

WHAT THE SUMMER GIRL IS WEAR-ING AT SEASIDE AND MOUNTAIN.

The Modern Wedding Has Become a Cumbersome and Costly Ceremony -A Man's Peculiar Taste.

Ribbon of every imaginable description | hair all around the head may be twisted up this season, says a fashion writer, and there is no end to pretty effects brought out on the summer girl's pretty gowns with double-faced satin, flowered taffeta and striped ribbons. Ecru batiste ribbons striped with pink, blue and yellow satin make very effective trimmings, and narrow taffeta is used in plaited frills basques are made of two rows of ribbon plaiting, and there are no end of uses for a quilling of inch-wide satin ribbon. One pretty waist of cream-colored net has a basque and wide collar edged around with

Odd waists may be counted by the dozen they are made of every grade of material from gingham to brocaded silk, but the latest advices from Paris are decidedly against the waist which is distinctly in constyle it must bear some relationship to the rest of the gown. For example, a black or | ways out of accord with the prevailing white chiffon bodice is the proper thing mode with a black and white striped silk skirt, and if a white chiffon bodice is worn with corselet belt of jet to establish a connecting link between the black skirt and the white waist. One new gown of black and white silk has a waist and sleeves of the stripe, a wide belt of black satin embroidered with black sequins and pointed epaulets of the stripe lined with satin and turned back on while a vest of pink chiffon gives a touch with a bodice of white, tucked cross-wise, | ping them on ice for fifteen minutes, and and finished at the neck and belt with yelow satin ribbon. Another pretty idea for a blue gray canvas gown, lined with pink and blue silk, is a vest and collar of blue and white glace silk, flowered with pink roses, and a wide belt and revers of black satin edged around with grass-lawn guipure. Gray crepe de chine gowns are trimmed with three tiny frills of Valenciennes lace around the skirt. And this sort of trimming appears again on a black crepe de chine dress, with a draped bodice and a fichu-like collar of cream-spotted net, edged with lawn embroidery or with Valenciennes lace. A pretty afternoon gown is of shot apricot and green silk, made very simply, but quite elegant with a fichu of cream lace trimmed with frills of lace over pinked frills of the silk. Another gown of china siik, flowered all over with roses and leaves, has a full bodice with a Swiss belt of white satin embroidered with various colored imitation jewels. The collar is also of satin, embroidered and edged with accordion-platted frills of silk.

A rather unusual model for a white alpaca dress shows a Spanish jacket and udor cohar of heliotrope satin trimmed with grass lawn motifs and a grass lawn frill. Insertions of lawn trim the skirt. and a shirred belt of heliotrope satin completes the waist.

The new and stylish navy blue serge gown has a cape zouave jacket trimmed with gold and white braid, and a blouse of China blue and white silk. The skirt is shirred around the hips and made quite separate from the silk lining, except at

The midsummer bicycle suit worn by the fashionable girl is a skirt of gray covert cloth, well fitted and not more than two and a half yards wide, worn with a cotton or white China silk shirt walst, and, if she is in sympathy with the French idea of bathing suits, she has zouave trousers and waist of unshrinkable dark red serge, with a broad belt of white serge fastened with silver buckles. She also has a graceful wrap of bath toweling to throw over her when she walks down to the sea, pretty little canvas shoes, laced across the instep with braid, and ties a bright-colored silk handkerchief around her head.

Modern Weddings.

The wedding pageant has so grown in elaborateness that it is a much less complicated piece of business to get divorced than to get married. The person who frets under Hyman's bonds can quietly slip away on a little summer vacation, take up a residence in Oklahoma or Dakota, and by the time the effects of the season's dinners and balls are worn off, be ready to come back home freed from all galling restraints,

But the getting married is quite another story. The modern marriage spectacle requires as much elaborate preparation as does a whole season of grand opera. There are drill masters and rehearsals, costumers and florists, and supernumeraries without number, and before it is all over the two young people who are the center of it all are well persuaded that they thought such a serious thing is nothing but a hol-

If the custom were confined to those families overburdened with money and time be so deplorable. It is qui the fashion for the newspapers, and even the pulpft, to decry the sinful prodigality, wasteful extravagance, the vulgar ostentation displayed at the marriage of the American millionaire's daughter and a foreign duke or lord or prince, but the money spent on those weddings in such dazzling profusion is not proportionately nearly so great as that spent on the weddings in less weal by families. Your railroad or hog-fat cambler, with his millions, can spend hundreds of thousands of dollars where your struggling dry-goods merchant or bookkeeper can spend hundreds of cents. His wife and daughters, with their retinue of servants, their chefs, their caterers and every manual convenience that money can call into being can manage a wedding show that astonishes the world more easily, with less pervous strain and physical exhaustion that little Mrs. Backstreet can arrange for an evening party for a score of guests in street dress.

We would take nothing from the impres-siveness, the solemnity, of the wedding; we would make it none the less a joyful occasion, but the vulgar parade of things that make a sad drain upon the needy family purse, the worry and anxiety to surpass some other show, the physical exertion and the pervous strain, only obscure the real significance of the event, and leave in their wake results-physical and psychological-that are truly deplorable. It is not surprising that brave men and women shrink from the ordeal.

The Dear, Stupid Man. New York Evening Sun. A man may not be able to tell you just why he likes or dislikes a certain thing in clothes, but nothing is more certain than that he has his likes and dislikes in such matters. It's his eye for detail that's at fault, not his instincts. Some men have a way of never expressing their disapproval of a frock or bonnet and you only know that you have failed to please them because they are silent. When they see a thing that they like they are outspoken enough. Other less satisfactory individuals only comment upon the things they don't like in your dress, letting the good points go by the board. The way the feminine members of one family are able to find out whether Pater Familias is pleased with their clothes is rather curious. The Pater referred to is wherever he sees his wife and daughters attired to suit him he immediately wants o photograph them. As his sense of detall is just as lacking as his sense of appreciation is keen, he sometimes makes rather curious "breaks." For instance, he has long wanted to photograph his wife in a certain flannel wrapper, a garment of the plainest, most ordinary sort, but which by reason of its cut and color appeals to the amateur photographer's mind. His wife, has, however, always managed to withstand the inducements offered if she would but pose before the camera in the wrapper as for her part, she didn't really think i worth immortalizing. The other day, however, the wife appeared in a remarkably becoming new summer bonnet. Her camera hotograph it at once, and this time there has no reason for withstanding his appeals. But the climax was capped when the hus-band in a not-to-be-gainsaid tone pleaded: "Now, my dear, won't you please go up and

treasure of this amateur photographer's spoils is the portrait of his wife arrayed in her new summer bonnet and flanne

Notes on Hairdressing. /

New York Ledger. To have one's hair arranged in what might for lack of a better name be called artistic disorder, is the aim of the fashionable woman of the day. She does not wish her locks to be smooth and lustrous, but fluffy and frizzly, and the more so the better up to a certain limit, which, however, is not very accurately defined. To produce the desired fluffy effect, the

is a distinctive feature of dress trimming on the little pins or pressed with curling tongs. The hair is then combed out, drawn up the back of the head and twisted in a knot, as loose as will stay in place, and relieve one from the embarrassment of having her hair tumbling about the shoulders. A number of fashionable models have been shown, and these almost all include a knot more or less large at the back of the head. Whether the hair is low or high depends entirely upon the style of the face. There is nothing arbitrary in fashionable hairdressing except the necessity for fluffiness

Few ornaments are worn in the hair, The shell comb at the back in Spanish style, or the side combs and a small knot of tulle with algret and bows that are the accompaniments of full dress. For ordinary occasions, nothing in the way of ornament is used. Curls are becoming fashion able, and bunches of them are worn at th temples. Some old-fashioned costumes old-fashioned material have been worn by styles of hairdressing, and flatter them selves that they have produced a most trast to the skirt. To be absolutely correct | effective combination. It is a comfort to feel that a woman may wear her hair in any way that becomes her and not be al-

Fruit Salads.

Fruit salads are delicious when they are properly made. They are one of those dishes whose apparent simplicity invites the amateur with disastrous results. They should, in the first place, be very cold. This does not mean cutting up bananas fresh from the fruiterer's stall with oranges, limes, pines, etc., that have disthen serving as a salad. The fruit should be thoroughly chilled by being kept a long time in the icebox. The spirits should be used sparingly to bring out the flavor of the fruit rather than dominate it. At this moment the markets present a tempting array of fruits that combine well into salads. One made from slices of pineapple, big oxheart cherries, stoned and divided once, two bananas, three pears, peeled and sliced, the whole dressed with orange juice. into which the juice of a lime has been squeezed and sprinkled with a tablespoonful of Jamaica rum, is especially appetiz-

From Here and There.

An antique-shaped silver fork with pierced tines and a heavily chased handle are now frequently seen among the table appointments. It is a fork for lifting the bread from the plate or tray, and is a very useful addition to the table, as well as being ornamental.

Much use has been made this season of a beautiful silky batiste in creamy pink, magnolia white, ciel blue, snow white, gray, fawn and rosy mauve. It is more durable than chiffon or silk muslin and it is used as well for tollets entire over taffeta silk as for bodice draperies and

sleeve puffs. A kitchen utensil that is not often inluded among the necessities with a young housekeeper is a hot water pan, or bainmarie, as they are called. The pan has places in which several saucepans may be set in the water to keep the food hot and in good condition until needed. For cream soups, sauces and gravies it is especially

A laundress who lives with a family that refer the fragrance of orris root to the delightfully fresh and clean odor of "no smell at all," puts a large piece of orris root, wrapped in a little case of linen, into the water in which the body linen is boiled each week. When ironed the linen is n linen or paper sachets.

A glass of lemonade is frequently wanted quickly. A good way is to keep a lemon syrup prepared. The following are good proportions to use: Put one pound of sugar in one pint of water and heat to boiling; pour this syrup in a jar with one pint of strained lemon juice. Keep the jar in the refrigerator or where it is cool. When needed, put two teaspoonfuls in a glass and fill the glass with ice water, apollinaris or

At a delightful birthday party that a little maid gave to her friends each one was asked to come dressed as a doll of some kind. In the little procession that marched to the sound of music at the beginning of the party there were rag dolls and wax dolls. Brownie dolls and colored dolls, those that could say only two or three words and dolls that danced all the time until their machinery seemed to run down. A family of four little children represented a row of paper dolls.

A tea-cloth a yard square is made from pale blue linen ornamented by renaissance ace braid, in cream white. These braids are laid on the stamped design and sewed down along the edges. The design itself is a wide band in conventional figures that extend diagonally across the cloth in leaves and flowers. The same design is used in the corners. Each side the band there is appliqued a wide band of torchon lace in a beautifully open pattern. The same lace is used as a frill around the cloth. The design would be pretty for a bedroom stand cover, if worked on pale had imagined.

green or canary-colored linen. niture so much used now requires to be treated differently from the ordinary wooden furniture. As bamboo is liable to crack and come apart, it must be fed so as to counteract the evil effects of dryness in the room. The furniture should be exposed to the air whenever possible. Do not place too near a fire, and it should be rubbed regularly with equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine applied with a flannel, and then rubbed in with a soft cloth. An occasional wash in cold water, followed by a thorough drying, is good for bamboo furniture.

Very large Vandyke and sailor collars of white silk batiste are added to beautiful house toilets of French organdie, flowlin, black and white silks of various devices, and similar dainty gowns. batiste is a plain creamy white and is bordered with an applique lace in Russian point, Lierre, Honiton or Venice point. The points of the yoke-shaped collars extend well over the sleeve puffs and within a few inches of the waist, back and front. Elbow frills of the same lace trim the sleeves. This collar furnishes the entire decoration of some of the most charming and picturesque toilets and fancy waists

HOW WE LOOK TO THE JAPANESE.

Little Children Cry Out in Horror at Our Pictures. Lafcadio Hearn writes in the August Atlantic of faces in Japanese art. Illustrat-

ing the striking difference between the drawing of Western and Eastern artists, he tells of two experiments where he showed copies of European illustrated papers to some Japanese children. The first was with a little boy, nine years old, before whom he placed several numbers of an illustrated magazine. After turning over a few of the pages, he exclaimed. "Why do foreign artists like to "What horrible things?" Mr. Hearn in-

figures representing voters at the polls. Why, those are not horrible. We think those drawings very good."
"But the faces! There cannot really be such faces in the world," the child ex "We think those are ordinary men. Real-

ly horrible faces we very seldom draw.' He stared in surprise, evidently suspect-ing that his Western friend was not in "To a little girl of eleven." Mr. Hearn explains further, "I showed some engravings representing famous European beau-

" They do not look bad, was her comment. But they seem so much like men, and their eyes are so big! Their mouths The mouth signifies a great deal in Jap anese physiognomy, and the child was in

this regard appreciative. He then showed

her some drawings from life in a New York periodical. She asked, "Is it true that there are people like those pictures?"
"Plenty Those are good, common faces, mostly country folk, farmers." "Farmers! They are like Oni (demons) from the jigoku" (Buddhist hell). "No, there is nothing very bad in the faces. We have faces in the West very

"Only to see them." she exclaimed, "I should die! I do not like this book."

LIGHT ON GEORGE ELIOT

SERIES OF INTIMATE GLIMPSES BY A CLOSE OBSERVER,

How She Impressed that Remarkable Russian Woman, Sonya Kovalevsky-Her Plainness and Charm.

In the beginning of the year 1873, I spent two months of my vacation in London. At that period I had just commenced my mathematical studies under the leadership of Professor Weierstrass in Berlin, and my acquaintances in the literary and scientific world were but few. Among the persons I knew in London was a Mr. Ralls-Museum and an intimate friend of Mr. Try to make him think otherwise. and a due regard for a knot that attempts | Lewes and of Mrs. Lewes (George Ellot.) I had often had occasion to speak with him about this talented woman, and all he had told me of her personality, her life of trials and sacrifices had still more increased the reading of her works had kindled within me. I therefore felt very much pleased when Mr. Rallston proposed to introduce me to her. I hesitated, however; my reverence for genius was at this time so deep that I felt quite perplexed at the thought of meeting our century's greatest author-

company? She would probably consider it ridiculous that a little Russian student should have such a pretentious idea as to wish to be introduced to her. I recalled all the droll stories I had heard in my childhood about a relative on my mother's side, Senkofski, a very prolific author of a great number of plays and several pathetic stories, which are now almost forgotten, but which were very popular fifty years ago. His fame brought him frequent visits played themselves for hours in the heated from obscure country folk, who waited on air at the same place, tossing them to- him with the invariable phrase: "I should of color. Pale gray canvas gowns are made gether, deluging with wine or liquor, clap- not feel that I had profited by my visit to sarcastic objections. St. Petersburg if I had failed to see its My uncle received them very politely, but celebrities. In Tivali, for instance, may be seen a pair of Lapps, I advise you to see them by all means. To be sure, you must pay five kopek for it. while you see me for nothing." All these stories, which had amused me greatly in my childhood, arose in my memory at the thought of being presented to George Eliot. I communicated my doubts and hesitations to Mr. Rallston, and he tried his best to reassure me, but when he did not succeed, advised me to write a few words to George Eliot. This I did, and her answer was not long in coming. She wrote that my name was not unfamiliar to her, that she had known about me for more than a year, through a Mr Hill, an English mathematician, who had met me at Professor Koeigsberger's lectures in Heidelberg, and that since then she had always desired to learn to know me personally. She appointed an afternoon when I could visit her. I need not say how happy I felt over this letter. George Ellot knew of me more than a year ago! Few things in my life have. made me feel prouder! Of course, I presented myself punctually

on the appointed day at the little home on John's Wood, where Mr. Lewes and George Eliot lived. A little servant girl showed me into a large drawing room, elegantly furnished, but a good deal like all other English drawing rooms, and with no pretension to originality. Mr. and Mrs. Lewes already expected me and came forward to meet me. I frankly admit that the first impression I had when I lifted my eyes to George Eliot was a vague hope that I was mistaken, that it was not she, that it was some one else-for she seemed to me so homely and different from what I had imagined her. I had never seen her portrait, placed in drawers sweet with violet powder | Mr. Rallston had only said that, although tractive. It had given me pleasure to paint her in my imagination such as I would like to have her-the reality was very different. An old, thin woman, with a nose which, although well shaped, was disproportionately large for a woman's face, long English teeth which projected a little from the mouth. A black lace dress helped to emphasize the thinness of the neck and the mperfect complexion. Such was George Eliot as she appeared to me at the first mo-

> A SYMPATHETIC VOICE. She approached me and spoke a few words of welcome. The first sound of her more sympathetic, more harmonious voice than hers. When I read Othello's familiar words about Desdemona's voice, I always think of George Eliot's.

She asked me to sit down beside her on a low sofa and commenced to talk to me as if I had been an acquaintance. It is impossible to recall the subject of our first conversation. I do not know if what she said was original or witty. I only know that after a quarter of an hour I was completely conquered by her personal charms, that I loved her with my whole soul, that her face and figure seemed to me transfigured, and I felt that the real George Eliot was infinitely superior to the one I

in lay this wholly unique and irresistible charm which George Eliot exercised upon try to make it comprehensible to any one who has not himself experienced it. I only know that all I have met who have known George Eliot declare that they have felt the same. Turgenef, who generally was respect was a great authority said to me when speaking of George Eliot: "I know He also said that it was not till after he had become acquainted with George Eliot that he could understand how one could find an indisputably plain woman charm-

again I could not help thinking "She is very plain." but after five minutes I wondered how I ever could have thought so. One of George Eliot's great gifts was to make the person with whom she was "a son aise" to grasp his speaking thoughts almost before he had had time to give them form, and in a peculiar way instill upon him her own ideas. "I never feel so spiritual and deep when I am speaking to George Eliot," said one of our mutual friends. I also have felt the same, and perhaps it is in these feelings of ease and satisfaction with one's self which she unconsciouly knew how to awaken in the person to whom she was speaking, that the great

secret of her fascination lay. As to Mr. Lewes, I must confess that I was so completely taken up with his wife that I gave him very little attention. therefore feel as if I hardly had any right to describe him. He, too, was very plain, but it was a kind of spiritual plainness to which one felt easily reconciled. His knowledge seemed to me infinitely compreensive, his conversation was interesting and original. He spoke with pleasure of his wife's works and wished to hear my opinion of them. He seemed much pleased when I told him that his own book, "Physiology of Common Life." had been an unisual success in Russia and that the pub lisher of the Russian translation had made a fortune on it. He asked me if I knew his life of Goethe and his story "Ranthrope." I had to admit my ignorance, a frankness which seemed to please "The artist and the scientist have always been at war within me." he said; I have become gray, but still the fight s not ended. I always maintain that in her there is much more stuff for a scientist than in me," he added smiling, while

he pointed to George Eliot. When, after an hour, I rose to say good-by, George Eliot bade me most cordially to come again. "I receive every Sunday between 2 and 5." she said, "and although a great many of my friends are out of London at this time of the year, I hope you will have an opportunity to meet here persons who undoubtedly will nterest you more than an old woman

I naturally availed myself of her invitation to come again the following Sunday although for my own part I should have preferred to see her once more alone, rather than surrounded by a number of clever persons, all of whom expected a share of her attention.

A MIXED COMPANY. About twenty people were assembled in Sunday. Among these was quite a young lord, just returned from a long journey in a very distant and, apparently, very wonderful country, the name of which is impossible for me to recall.

There were also two or three artists, a seen. In "Middlemarch" it is Mr. Casa very distant and, apparently, very won-

there was only one more lady, a very charming young person, the wife to one of the artists present.

Among George Eliot's most devoted friends was Mr. Herbert Spencer, who had

led her first steps on the path of litera-ture, and whose influence had greatly helped to develop her ideas and views of life. It was with George Eliot that I first met Herbert Spencer. Our acquaintance began in quite an original manner. I had been in George Ellot's drawing room for some time, when a dried-up looking little man with a typical English face entered. "I am very glad that you have come to-day," said our hostess to him. for I can introduce to you an embodied negation of your principles, Mme. Kova-levsky, a female mathematician. I must "that my friend here denies even the possibility of the existence of a female mathematician. To be sure, he admits that occasionally there arise exceptional the average male, but he maintains that these women will eventually be drawn towards literature and the fine arts; that they will use their power to criticise and analyze, to dissect life and their friends, but they will never allow themselves to be ton, one of the directors in the British | fettered in the purely abstract sphere. The little old man sat down beside me almost passionate enthusiasm which the and of the good or evn which might arise of women devoted themselves to study. for the purpose of kindling my opposition and inciting me to combat. It was no difficult undertaking. I was at this time quite young; the five or six years which then separated me from childhood, I had spent in struggling with all my power for the right of devoting myself to my favor-What pleasure could she have of my ite study; I had for woman's cause a neophyte's burning zeal, and I was at that period so fully convinced that I had the ncontestable truth on my side that all bashfulness disappeared when it was a

> ispute soon made me forget all the others George Eliot did all she could in encouraging me to speak, and soon all the others present grew silent and listened to us. This surely ought to have made me stop and reflect, but I did not notice it until later, and answered bravely and without allowing myself to become confused all my opponent's remarks and sometimes

question of defending the good cause.

Besides, as before mentioned, I had not

the slightest idea who the opponent was I

had to deal with, and the eagerness of the

Our debate had lasted at least threemarters of an hour when George Enot at last smilingly said: "You have fought nobly and well for our cause, and if Mr. Herbert Spencer is not conquered now, fear he must be considered irreclaimable.' My amazement at these words can easily be imagined.

When my vacation was ended I returned to Germany, and during the following years I had no personal communication with George Eliot; after I had taken my doctor's examination I wrote to her, and received in return a few lines of hearty congratulation. Atterwards she sent me occasionally a greeting through our mutual friends-but

to this our communication was limited. GREAT CHANGES. In the fall of 1880 I again returned to

London to spend a few weeks. Great changes had taken place in the life of George Eliot. Mr. Lewes was dead, and one year afterwards George Eliot's friends had, through the newspapers, received the astounding news of her mar-

riage to Mr. Cross. I confess that these tidings made upon me a painful impression. George Eliot was in my eyes surrounded by such a halo of poetry and greatness that I could not accustom myself to see my ideal in some measure thrown into the shade. I felt perfectly convinced that, after she had taken such a step, I could never feel the same reverence for her as before. A woman of sixty marries a man many years youngerit is really difficult to grasp such an abnormity. I certainly do not wish to explicate this matter, far less defend similar unnatural alliances in general, but the truth compels me to say, how incredible Ellot together with her second husband their marriage seemed at once quite natural. The explanation probably lay in the fact that they both seemed so simply and quietly happy. Happiness is something which manifests itself; it cannot be acted and true happiness, that happiness which is self-sufficient, which destroys vanity, which is indifferent to the opinions of others, and in spite of the world's irony has courage to show itself, is so rare and enviable that it is, impossible not to reverence and admire it, however unusual and unforseen may be the form in which we meet it in life. George Ellot had changed very little dur-

ing the seven years I had not seen her: she even seemed to me younger and less plain than the first time I saw her. Per- | the talented woman; it took her away sudhaps it was the seven years that I had be- | denly, almost without pain, amid the fullcome older which made me look at her with less critical eyes. For the rest she was the same little woman as before, with the kind, earnest, live. sickly appearance and attractive voice

She did not seem to exert herself in the least to appear younger than she was, nor did she look like "the woman in love" that naturally rises in our imagination, when it is a question of so ill-matched a marriage

Mr. Cross is a very fine-looking man, or pure Anglo-Saxon type, fine figure, good complexion, light, chestnut-brown, somewhat curly hair. A pair of brown, intelligent, sympathetic eyes lights up the whole face. The lips are remarkably well formed. His whole personality gives the impression of a refined and sensitive nature, that perhaps does not possess the gift of giving his ideals material form, but who so much the more is able to value this gift | made alliong School, the Northeast Manual

her marriage. She now lived in a house of her own. The room in which she received me was quite large and furnished as a library. A little causeuse, a few easy chairs and many books-books everywhere. It was a much better frame for her personality than the somewhat bare and commonplace drawing room, wherein I saw her the first time. She said that this was husband's and wife's favorite room, and that they spent almost all the day there. Her husband and she impressed one as two tender, devoted friends, who have the same taste, the same interests, and the younger of whom infinitely admires the older. We talked a good deal of old and new literature, and then the question arose as to her own works. Among other things, she told me that for every new book she gave out she always received a great many letters from unknown persons, who sometimes gave her advice, some times said that they recognized themselves in her characters. For instance, "When I gave out 'Middlemarch,' " she said, "there were no less than three Dorotheas who complimented me with the assertion that had guessed their most secret thoughts. asked each one to send me her photograph; but I must confess that in regard to outward looks they were very unlike my porothea. In contrast to this was an old gentleman who wrote me that he had two daughters, and that when he had read the description of Rosamond, he almost imagined that I had known them. It was at least not very flattering to his daughters." HER FAITH IN DEATH.

I said to George Ellot that there was one thing in her novels which I objected to; she let her persons die too much apropos. Just when the psychological conflict becomes most complicated, when the will develop the results of a good or bad everything. For instance, in "The Mill on the Floss." it is not difficult to grasp how Maggie, in a moment of eestasy and selfforgetfulness, could sacrifice her own love to save her cousin's. At that moment when one seems as if prestrated by an unmeasurable and unexpected happiness, it may be possible, almost easy, willingly to relinquish that happiness. At such a moment, suffering seems so remote and stands forth in colors so different from reality, that the sacrifice is possible. But shall Maggie persevere in her self-renunciation when the inevitable reaction follows the rash deed, when she shall sink inder the burden of a lovely, monotonous life, without love, when she shall see sacrifice take form, when she shall see that she has really succeeded in extinguishing her beloved's love, and when the pangs of jealousy become reality to her? Shall she not then astonish herself by pas-sionately reclaiming her lost happiness? And if she really perseveres in her self-sacrifice, what will be the consequences? should like to see Maggie after the struggle. I should like to see if self-denial makes a human being nobler and more to be venerated, or whether, for the sake of xcept at the cost of the heart's best atributes, leaving only a fanatic insensible o his own suffering, as well as to other's That is what the reader wishes to know.

The Popular Vote

IN ALL THE STATES WILL BE CAST THIS YEAR FOR

'Kis=Me' Gum

As well as for President, and we are going to give the friends of



\$5,000 in Cash Free



To show our appreciation of this vote. This distribution will be made as follows: On the 3d of November next occurs the Presidential Election. We have decided to let our friends guess at the popular vote of the successful candidate for President, and award the prizes accordingly. Anyone sending us 25 "Kis-Me" Gum wrappers will be entitled to one guess. Write your guess, along with your name and address, plainly on a piece of paper, and mail it with the wrappers. Every time you send 25 wrappers you are entitled to one guess, until the contest ends. Try your luck at guessing; You may secure one of the big \$500 prizes. Somebody will be sure to get them. Why not you? In all cases where there are ties, the prizes will be



divided equally. Our books will be closed night of November 2, and no guesses will be received after that date. As a guide for guessing, we give below the popular vote cast for the Democratic and Republican candidates for President in the election of 1892: Cleveland, Democrat, 5,556,918. Harrison, Republican, 5,176,108.

The Louisville Trust Company will superintend the examination of our books, and from such examination will ascertain who are entitled to the prizes, and its decision will be final. The secretaries of the different States will furnish the official vote to the Trust Company, and as soon as a decision is reached the prizes will be sent to the person entitled to same in accordance with decision of the Trust Company. SEND ALL GUESSES TO

KIS-ME GUM CO., Louisville, Ky.

MEYER BROS., Indianapolis, Ind.,

Controlling Agents for Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri.

aubon who dies, before Dorothea has lost any of her youth and fervor in following up the fruitless task to which her unpremeditated devotion has bound her; in "Daniel Deronda" it is Gwendolen's troublesome husband who is drowned while taking a ride in a gondola, just when their married life has become almost intolerable, and when the reader is most interested to learn how Gwendolen will extricate herself from the terrible situation in which her vanity has placed her. It is always death which comes just in the

right moment and arranges everything

satisfactorily and cuts off the twisted "Perhaps you are right," answered George Eliot, "but have you not often obthe same in reality? For my part. I believe that death is much more logical than we imagine. When the situation has become intolerable, and no way can be seen out of it, when the most contrasting duties are mutually at war with each other, then death comes and opens a new way and reconciles that which seemed irreconcilable. It is faith in death which has often given me courage to live. Since then I have often thought of this conversation, the last I had with George Eliot. Two weeks after this day had hardly passed when our country's most talented woman ceased to live after a few hours' acute sickness. To her, as to her heroines, death came unexpectedly and suddenly, just at a period when life presented to her a difficult, perhaps insoluble problem. She had had courage to defy a position far more difficult and unusual than any of her heroines. In uniting her destiny with that of a man thirty years younger than herself, she had made an extremely daring psychological experiment. At present both were contented and happy, but could this continue? In the long run would genius be sufficient to even the difference in years? Can a passionate admiration for a woman's talent fill a man's life and compensate him for a more ordi-

nary love? dares say what solution life would have given to it? But death came in the right time, it was tender and merciful towards ness of a late and unexpected happiness. I have often thought of her words: "It is

NOVEL SPELLING TEST. An Interesting Experiment Made in

Public Schools. Philadelphia Press. Professor Lightner Witmer, of the University of Pennsylvania, who is deeply interested in the science of psychology, has made a test of the capability in spelling of the pupils of the public schools. The Professor states in his report that his purpose was not to study the accuracy of spelling. but to examine the growth of thoughts and ideas from year to year. The tests were made among such institutions as the Cen-Pensylvania and Bryn Mawr College. He states that the test was very simply paper and pencil, and asked them to write as rapidly as possible all the words they could think of in fifteen minutes, putting the words down one under the other in vertical column. The words thus written are generally connected in thought, but do not form sentences. Speaking of the re-

sults of his investigations, Professor Wit-"In the Northwestern Combined School thirty-four boys of the twelfth grade wrote 3.179 words in fifteen minutes, of which 98.1 words in every one hundred were correctly spelled: thirty-six girls of the same grade wrote 7.032 words, spelling 99.2 per cent, correctly; fourteen boys in the eighth grade wrote 1.755 words, of which 94.5 per cent., and eighteen girls wrote 2,377 words, of which 96.9 per cent. were correctly

"In the sixth grade twenty-four boys wrote 2,676 words, of which 92.6 per cent. were spelled correctly, and nineteen girls wrote 2,044, with 95.7 per cent, correctly "Thus, in every grade the girls

better than the boys, both girls and boys showing a constant improvement from the sixth grade to the twelfth. also be seen that from the lowest grade upward both boys and girls increase in the number of words written in the same constant fashion from a minimum of 107 words per pupil, the average for girls in the sixth grade, to a maximum of 241 words per pupil by boys of the twelfth grade. "The results from the Fox Chase Consolidated School corroborate these results in every particular, and to an extent that is surprising. Six boys and girls in the twelfth grade wrote 1.422 words, or an average of 237 words per pupil, with 98.4 per cent, correct; eleven boys and girls in the eighth grade wrote 1,662 words, an average of 151 words per pupil, with 97.7 per cent. correct, and ten boys and girls in the sixth grade wrote 1.068 words, an average of 107 words per pupil, with 95.3 per cent, correct,'

A SHIP ON WHEELS.

How a French Inventor Proposes to Move at a Great Rate.

A French builder has just put the finishing touches in the Call Iron works, at St. Denis, to a vessel with which he expects to literally revolutionize the science of aquatic ocomotion. According to a formula well known to science, the resistance of water to the progress of a ship increases in a direct ratio to the square of the speed, and thus renders hopeless any effort to make traveling by sea as rapid as traveling by land. M. Ernest Bazin conceived the idea that this difficulty might be overcome we applied the same principles to steamers as to locomotives. Our snips are prac-tically sledges. Why should they not be converted into wheeled carriages? The model vessel which he is just completing, after many years of experiment consists of a platform about 120 feet long by 34 feet in breadth. This is supporte upon three pairs of wheels made given by a screw driven by an engine of 750 horse-power, which also causes the wheels revolve. The inventor calculates that

towed to Rouen, whence it is intended to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, make an experimental voyage by way of and thought that all gambling or getting Havre to the Thames. If Mr. Bazin reaches of money by speculation was perdition," his destination in safety, naval experts will no doubt be curious to see his craft.

WOMEN WHO SPECULATE.

Broadway Establishment Where They "Deal" in Stocks.

New York Mail and Express.

Women who believe that man is the Creator's best handiwork naturally like to follow his example, and it is suggested that this is the reason why a certain class of women have taken to speculation. It is curious to note the kind of women

who indulge in this lesser vice. They are not club women, they are not church public affairs, or women who are giving trial passion, but they are the idle, unthinking wives, daughters or sisters of well-to-do or partially successful men. It is interesting to visit one of the newest of the parlors where this speculation is

carried on. Not far from St. Paul's, on Broadway, in a very respectable office building, there is a commission brokerage house which advertises a ladies' department.

When a newcomer desires to be introduced to this department, she first enters the regular office, and, without giving her name, address or even her motive for being present, is escorted into a handsome reception room. This leads into a splendidly appointed parlor, where there are comfortable chairs, a couch, several tickers, a telephone, a telegraph instrument, a typewriter, a small library, plenty of pictures, files of the daily newspapers, an urn faith in death that has given me courage to of iced water, two pretty geblets, and the innumerable little things which are usually thought particularly necessary to the life

of a society woman. The young lady who attends to the duties of this office, or the hostess, as she was called by the escort, is a tail, good-looking young woman, with a voice as low and sweet as an Englishwoman's, and the manner of a Wellesley graduate. She takes your arm and draws you aside, asks you about the weather, whether you are thirsty, if you are tired coming up in that "horelevator, which is so "swift," and is

so filled with dreadful men this weather that you are frightfully jostled. This was the experience I had a few days ago when I tried my first speculation. I thanked the lady and did just as she told | caterpillar prefers the night for labor, and me. I told her the elevator was not swift | ordinarily remains quiet during the day. and nothing about the place that I could see was. I was not thirsty, neither was I tired, and I wanted to know how to spec-

ulate right away. At this point a very charming old person, who had appropriated a ticker to herself and who was registered on the books as Mrs. N., said to me, "Now, I want to talk to you, if this is your first experience. have been speculating for thirty years and I can give you great advice."

"Thank you," I replied. "Mrs. N.!" spoke up the hostess, "I wish you would keep still; you drive all my cus-tomers away. You know this is a perfectly reliable place. You know the most stylish and lovliest women in New York come here to invest their money, and why do you give the office such a bad name by talking so?" "My dear," came the quick retort, "you are not hired to criticise customers. Attend to your business. I want this young lady to desist before it is too late. I have told her not to give her address and by all means not to tell her name. Now, my dear (touching me on the left arm), please give your name as Mrs. Blue, that's a good girl, and then you will never get brokers' and market letters at your home, and have your people make life miserable for you and wonder how your money all goes. That's

I became Mrs. Blue, and not in only, as just then I was informed I could put up ten dollars. It was the smallest ers. One woman launched \$1,200, and another \$150, but the general run of the wo-

lady. "You know it's the sweetest, and then it fluctuates so much, and you can get such a quick profit. There, my dear, see the tape-114. 11%; now is your time (turning to the hostess); ring up at once to your agent to buy \$20 worth of A. S. R. (American Sugar Reining). Hurry; don't wait. It is changing so quickly. Oh! you are so the slimy mass of wriggling worms. stupid. Has he done it? Yes. Well, for once he was on time. places. Now, when I go to the regular ucket shops it's different. Your work is

Mrs. Red now approached me. "Yes, I've been speculating a long time. Oh. I've made an awful lot of money at it. When I first began I lost a fortune, but I made up my mind to study the market, and now I am ahead of it all the time." 'Pleasant! Oh. yes," said another grayhaired woman. 'I don't mind if I do lose it's much pleasanter than going to the the-ater; besides, one gets tired of a humdrum life. If men would only allow women to engage in some decent business-not housework, but something that is conenial-they would not come to places like his, I blame my husband for my coming here. He makes a row every time I speak of doing anything for myself. He thinks I ought to just fold my hands and play

Two pretty girls came in just then from a business college. They had read the advertisement. When they found out what the place was they left in a hurry. They didn't want to start life in any crooked way. They thought by the advertisement that it was an establishment for giving The hostess got very red in the face and riage in England, and is said to be equally went into the main office for papers to so in Danish aristocratic circles, while the prove that the establishment was a regular way in which it has been muddled about

craft will be launched in the Seine and | commission brokerage. They belonged to and they retired. I began to get very much interested in the game, and I felt an intense interest in

Six different women rushed over to tell me that it was going my way, and presently the hostess told me I had won, and handed me my profit. Nearly all the women in the room,

learned, had made money by their experiences. There was only one who had lost, and she said that the manager of the office had "staked" her for a month until she regained her money, or at least some part of it. She had become a regular customer, The customers seemed to fight shy of "silver" and of "St. Paul." They took very little interest in "wool," "cotton" or "dry goods," but they bought in some railroad stock, and paid particular attention to

Some of them left large sums of mone with the hostess for her to speculate with in their name as she saw fit, and others deposited money with the manager for the same purpose. In the matter of winning and losing, the customers showed very little emotion. I did not see one single person show deep regret or extreme joy for and special move. Nearly all the women were dressed richly and were much bejeweled. In the registry there were hosts of names well known in private social life. The hostess told me that a great many women with private incomes did not object to having their friends know that they traded in stocks. For years, she remarked women had been attending and speculating in the Stock Exchange, and it was, if anything, more decent and respectable to speculate at private parlors. If it was right for men to dabble in stocks she

couldn't see why is was not right for She was joined in her argument by an assistant from the main office, who did not apparently agree with her. "There were some women," the latter said, "who might speculate and no harm come from it, but there were more who would take to it as to the race track, and lose all their property and every cent they could lay hand on. She believed that it was much better for women to spend their energies in other fields of endeavor, and was of the opinion that when social matters were more perfectly adjusted women would prefer to utilize their talents in public service, government work and even politics rather than in stock exchanges or the marts which men

The hostess agreed to disagree, and we parted debating the question whether what was sauce for the gander was sauce for

WHAT THE ARMY WORM IS. A Caterpillar with an Appetite Hard

Philadelphia Record. The army worm is a species of caterpillar. It hatches from an egg deposited by a night-flying moth. Like the moth, the

The hot sun is distasteful to the worms,

and they die if exposed to it for a consider-

able time. The moth that lays the eggs is nearly one inch long and is one and three-quarters inches from tip to tip of wing. The eggs are deposited in rows of from fifteen to thirty near the roots of grass and grain where they will be protected. More than seven hundred eggs have been found in the body of a moth when dissected. So earnestly does the female work while laying eggs that she dies after two nights of hard labor. The worms hatch a week or ten days after the eggs are laid, the time depending somewhat on the climate. When their lives as caterpillars are ended they burrow into the ground and remain there until spring, when they emerge as moths to lay eggs to produce more worms. The army worm has appeared almost every year, according to the United States Bureau of Agriculture, Only occasionally, however, have they been numerous enough to do serious damage to crops. In 1876 the

numerous were they that they stopped rail-They crawled on the tracks in such numbers that the wheels of locomotives were unable to obtain a grip on the rails. They also swarmed over the engines, disarranged the machinery, thronged the cabs and annoved engineers and firemen. When they are once started nothing but death can stop

entire West was overrun with the pest. So

They have a low order of intelligence, When they encounter a tree they do not go around. They climb up one side and down the other. As they travel from two men tried their luck on tens and twenties. to six rods an hour they often lose consid-I asked what was the best thing to bet | erable time, but they do not mind that and they apparently get much enjoyment out of the knowledge that they have gone straight ahead and have not been turned aside by obstacles. A writer, in describing the ravages of the worm in the West in 1881, said that the sight, as a field of wheat was being cevoured, was discouraging, and strong men urned away, nauseated, after gazing on they chewd the leaves a slight, crinkling sound could be heard. Within a few hours

> the grain was destroyed and the army took up its march to other pastures.

Princess Maud's Wedding. Harold Frederic's Special. After a bewildering succession of changes in the programme, which have been attended by all sorts of quarrels inside the royal family, the ceremonial for Princess Maud's wedding on Wednesday seems finally to be settled. The Duke of Coburg left the country last week in high dungeon, and Princess Beatrice and her children are ostentatiously to depart for the seaside the It was only a few days ago that the loya tradesmen of the fashionable West End

streets were able to learn whether it was

the royal wish that they should decorate

their shop fronts and illuminate in the

have been the Batenburg mourning question, on which the Queen laid such o nate stress that her own sons and the Wales family generally are furious. Now, by the most grudging of concessions to the latter, she has enraged her Battenburg from the outset it was an unpopular n